



" Prompt to improve and to invite,
 " We blend instruction with delight."

VOL. V. [I. NEW SERIES.]

HUDSON, JUNE 7, 1828.

No. 1.

POPULAR TALES.

" To virtue if these Tales persuade,
 " Our pleasing toil is well repaid."

FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY.

The Cousins.

A TALE.

" And who is this wonderful Lady Emily, in whose praise every one is so lavish?"—exclaimed a gay young officer to his friend, Mordaunt, the morning after his arrival at Bath—" who is this prodigy of elegance and beauty?"

" Why my friend, since you have heard so much, I am surprised, that you have not also been told, that she is the *only* child, and *heiress* of Lord Sinclair, a nobleman of great worth, just returned from abroad, where he has resided for the last fifteen years; but if you will promise friend Percy, to guard that inflammable heart of yours, I will also engage, to introduce you to the fair Emily, the enslaver of all beholders."

" Oh never fear me, my hour I trust is not yet come, and besides, I think I could never fall *seriously* in love with a *Belle*; one accustomed to be followed, and admired by a crowd, must necessarily lose the retiring loveliness so becoming in a female, which the maid that I truly love must possess."

" I much mistake, my friend, however," replied Mordaunt, " if you do not greatly admire the lovely Emily; and as she is intended by her father, for the son of an intimate friend, who is at present in India, I therefore repeat my warning."

" Why Charles, in the name of goodness, what have you done with your own heart, all this time; since you consider this beauty so very formidable?"

" To confess the truth, Percy, that was already disposed of, before I saw this formidable beauty, as you call her, or I should have trembled for its fate: but what do you say, will you accompany me, and my sister, in a call on Lady Emily this evening, or do you shrink from the danger that you will undoubtedly incur, in meeting two of the brightest eyes in the world?"

" Shrink, when did you ever know me to shrink from danger, either imaginary or real? I will most gladly avail myself of the opportunity to behold the paragon, who has had the power almost to turn even your wise head;" saying this he took his leave.

Punctual to the hour his friend had named, Percy called, and accompanied by Mordaunt and his sister, they proceeded to Lord Sinclair's, where they were received with great politeness by his Lordship, who informed them that his daughter had gone for an airing, but was expected every moment: and soon after, two ladies were observed alighting from a chariot, whom Lord Sinclair went to meet. He entered, with a lovely girl upon each arm; Percy was determined not to admire what every one extolled, but spite of his determined prejudice, when Lord Sinclair presented his daughter, her surpassing loveliness so far exceeded any thing that he had before conceived of, that he immediately became aware that his friend's cautions had not been unnecessary; and heaved a sigh, as the thought occurred to him, that the lovely being whom he contemplated with an emotion hitherto unknown to him, was already appropriated: but sensible that that was neither the time or place to indulge in melancholy, he rallied himself, and very soon was engaged in a gay conversation, which was supported with a great deal of spirit by all present, except the female who had accompanied Lady Emily, and who was introduced by Lord Sinclair, as his niece, Miss Maicom; she, evidently took no interest in the conversation, and merely joined in it when politeness required. Matilda however was not a person to be overlooked by either of the gentlemen; her sweetly interesting countenance, although not dazzlingly beautiful, was such as to secure the love and admiration of every person of feeling and intelligence. She was the orphan child of the favourite and youngest sister of Lord Sinclair, who at the early age of sixteen, married a young officer in opposition to her father's wishes, and was in a fit of passion turned from his door, the

moment it was known that she had privately become the wife of Capt. Malcom: deeply affected by her father's anger, which she had not the most remote idea would carry him to such extremes, and highly resenting the unkindness of her sister, who had refused to interfere in her behalf, and whom she suspected of having stimulated her father to the act of banishing her from her once happy home; Clara retired with her husband, a noble spirited young Scotchman, whose only fault was his poverty, to a small estate, which he possessed in the land of his fathers, upon which his mother resided in humble competence.

This little property and his commission was his all; and Malcom found when too late, that he had precipitated the woman he adored from affluence to a state of comparative poverty, which she was little prepared to endure: he however was young, and *hoped*, and had *reason to expect* promotion; no name stood higher upon the list for bravery than his, and he had friends by whose influence, as well as his own merit, he hoped to rise; with these cheering anticipations, he endeavoured to soothe and restore to cheerfulness his adored wife, who tenderly as she loved her husband, lamented her disobedience to her father; but for his sake, who she feared had plunged himself into difficulties on her account, she struggled against these feelings, and once more wore a smiling countenance. Malcom and his bride, had met with a cordial welcome from his mother, who was never weary with admiring the bonnie leddy, who had condescended to become the wife of her Charlie. Loving, and most affectionately beloved, with no society, except her own family, and the pastor of the parish, the high-born Clara, would have been completely happy, could she have received one pardoning line from her offended father, to whom she had frequently written, but even this measure of happiness, though incomplete, was too great to last. Capt. Malcom received a packet late one evening, the contents of which he dreaded to communicate, but which he knew could not be concealed; he was ordered abroad with the army to which he belonged, and a few days only would intervene, e'er he must bid adieu to all he held dear upon earth and at a most interesting time too, for he had now the prospect of becoming a father; he broke the tidings as gently as possible to his wife and mother, but it required all his eloquence, to reconcile Clara in any degree to the dreaded separation. She felt, or imagined she felt, that they should never more meet this side the grave; she however endeavoured to combat these feelings; and since their separation was inevitable, to assume some appearance of composure; but when Malcom endeavoured to beguile her into cheerfulness, by pleasing anticipations of the future, she could only press his hand, and mournfully turn away her head to conceal the starting tear.

The day soon arrived, that must sever two beings that were all the world to each other: Clara fainted upon his bosom, when after an agonizing embrace, he tore himself from her, consigning her to the care of his respected and truly sympathizing mother; and before she recovered, Malcom was pursuing his melancholy way to London, whence the fleet was to sail, in which his company was to embark; from thence he wrote a long and most affectionate letter, in which he begged her for his sake, to bear with fortitude a separation which they had had every reason to expect, and which would probably be the means of advancing his fortune, and which he trusted would not be long. This letter appeared to afford considerable consolation, and exerting herself, Clara once more appeared with some degree of cheerfulness; but alas! this season was of short duration; the troops of which Capt. Malcom's company composed a part, were immediately after their arrival ordered into action, and in an engagement, in which Capt. Malcom had performed prodigies of valour, he was at length slain fighting bravely for his country. When the news reached the hapless young widow, she was overwhelmed with woe; but she gave no utterance to her feelings, and Mrs. Malcom for sometime feared for her reason. In this season of affliction, the deepest she had ever known, when apparently bereft of every friend except her mother and Mr. Wilmot, the excellent minister formerly mentioned, Clara turned for comfort, to the only true source, to the friend that sticketh closer than a brother, to him who has promised to be a father to the fatherless, and the widow's friend; she acknowledged with the deepest contrition, that her idolatrous affection, for a feeble worm of the dust like herself, had caused her to forget her duty to her earthly parent, and what was still more aggravating, had caused her to neglect her duty to Him, from whom proceedeth every good and perfect gift, and whom she had once vowed to serve faithfully all her life; the dealings of the Lord, though grievous and heavy to be borne, were much lighter than she deserved, and she bowed in humble submission to the will of her heavenly Father. At length she became a mother, but her constitution had received a shock, that it was evident, soon after the birth of her little girl, she could not long survive; she felt this to be the case, but to her, death had no terrors: for the sake of her child she would have wished to live, but otherwise she longed to be at rest. Mr. Wilmot, her constant friend and counselor in all her trials, now watched over the fair and withering flower, with almost a father's interest, resolving, if permitted, to adopt the little Matilda, who he thought was so unnaturally abandoned by her mother's relations.

Clara, to whom he made the proposition, resolved to make one more effort to soften her father's heart, and accordingly wrote; but

heard in reply, that her father had been sometime dead, that her sister was likewise no more, and that her brother, who was on his travels at the time of her marriage, and had not yet returned, was hourly expected. The probability of once more seeing her brother, and of putting her child under his protection, softened in some measure the afflicting thought that her father had died without her having obtained his forgiveness;—that her brother would seek and find her, she did not for one moment doubt; and the event proved that she was not mistaken: he however arrived, but just in time to receive a dying embrace, and to assure her that he would be all that she could wish to her child. She had previous to her brother's arrival, with an overflowing heart, accepted Mr. Wilmot's generous offer, in case her brother should not wish to take charge of his orphan niece, but of this she entertained scarcely a doubt; for she knew his generous heart well, and was convinced that if he had sooner returned, she would not thus long have remained an outcast from her family.

After the interment of his unfortunate sister, Lord Sinclair having concluded that Matilda should for the present be left to the care of her grandmother, who anxiously desired the charge, settled upon her a handsome sum for the child's maintenance; at the same time requesting Mr. Wilmot (on whom he bestowed a living at that time in his gift, distant but three miles from his present residence) to continue his friendship to the little orphan. After settling every thing to his satisfaction, his Lordship returned to France, where he was shortly after united to an amiable woman, to whom he had long been attached. The Marquis Liancour, his father-in-law, dying soon after, left together with his large estate in France, property to considerable amount in India, which soon after his death, required Lord Sinclair's attention in person; accordingly, after making suitable arrangements, he with his Lady, who would not be left behind, set sail for India; where business detained him much longer than he had anticipated. In due time his Lady presented him with a daughter, which in some measure contributed to domesticate him there; where he had now embarked in business upon his own account: he heard frequently from Mr. Wilmot, and Mrs. Malcom, of the welfare of Matilda, now his only relation in England, and frequently thought of returning and settling himself in the seat of his forefather's; but although this was his intention it was still delayed, until years had rolled on, and found him still in India. The death of his wife, at length caused him to set about his removal in earnest. Lady Sinclair had declined gradually, but he believed that the climate had accelerated her end; and under this persuasion, became extremely anxious that his daughter should be removed from a country which had proved so destructive to her mother.—*To be Continued.*

The Sacrifice.

BY MRS. HARRIET MUZZY.

"I shall see him once more," exclaimed Gertrude, "and our last interview shall convince him that the step I am about to take is the result of reason and principle, and not caprice or resentment, as his vanity may lead him to suppose. He shall learn that I will not accept the varying homage of a divided heart; that he who can even feel the slightest preference for another shall never pledge his vows of fidelity to me. Do I not know that he frequently leaves my society for that of *Helen Rushford*; that he hangs upon her words, venerates her talents, and passes whole hours in company with her; he either knows not his own heart or seeks to impose on my understanding.—What are promises, what are engagements if the heart does not ratify them? Yes, Herbert, we must part! and part forever."

The tears that streamed from Gertrude's eyes during this soliloquy, the sighs that rent her heart, and the anguish depicted in her eloquent countenance, too plainly told that reason had but little share in her determination, and that wounded feelings and jealous tenderness were struggling with pride, and what she believed to be a sense of duty to herself.

Gertrude was born an enthusiast. Gifted by nature with a warm and feeling heart, with genius and sensibility, she was formed to feel but too keenly, either joy or sorrow. Where she loved it was with deep devotion; and unhappily for her own peace, she could be satisfied only with an affection as exclusive and enthusiastic as her own—Charles Herbert was tenderly attached to her, and she repaid his affection with a devotion bordering on idolatry. For sometime Gertrude had believed that he loved her with all that exclusive and engrossing tenderness, that her romantic feelings required. Jealousy had now crept in to disturb her dream of felicity, and she was miserable in proportion to her former unbounded confidence. Herbert though sincerely attached to her was not without his share of vanity, and the attentions he received from a female, whose approbation in his opinion conferred honour on its object, had led him to devote to Helen Rushford many of his attentions, which Gertrude thought (perhaps not erroneously) ought only to be paid to the object of an exclusive attachment. Her pride was roused, and her delicacy wounded, by observing that the man she loved with so much devoted tenderness, could receive such apparent pleasure from the conversation of any other female. True affection is always diffident. Gertrude imagined that the attractions of her supposed rival were far superior to her own, and that her lover's heart acknowledged that superiority, notwithstanding his sense of honour induced him to continue an appearance of affection for her. She felt that she must either hold the

first place in his esteem and love, or she must be miserable—and disdaining to retain him near her merely by the tie of honour, her resolution, long wavering was at length taken. She resolved to break the engagement which existed between them, and leave Herbert free to devote his heart to Helen Rushford. She deemed such a sacrifice necessary to the happiness of him she loved and to her own dignity, and she resolved to make it, even though her heart should break in the conflict. Gertrude's parting interview with her lover was agonizing to her heart; yet acting as she believed from a principle of duty, and nerved by noble pride, her manner though tender even to solemnity, was free from the least resentment.—Herbert perceived that some deep emotion was labouring in the heart of Gertrude, and though he felt that he had given her some cause for unhappiness, he was far from suspecting her design; yet at the sight of her subdued anguish his tenderness was awakened in all its primitive force, and he mentally resolved she should never again feel uneasiness, that his affection could avert.—Long after, when reflecting on that interview, he recollected each look, each tone of suffering tenderness, and struggling pride; he execrated the vanity which led him to exult, when he should have inquired, explained and atoned to her, who meditated for his sake, the sacrifice of her own peace.

In pursuance to her plan, Gertrude departed in silence and unknown, from those scenes which had witnessed her former happiness; she left for Herbert a farewell letter explaining the motives of her conduct, but left him no clue by which to trace her. Herbert's astonishment could only be equalled by his anguish on reading Gertrude's letter. In a state of mind bordering on phrenzy, he execrated by times the vanity and folly, which had suffered him to wound her feelings by any show of admiration for another. His heart had never been interested for Helen Rushford, he paid her the homage due to superior talents, and her flattering notice of him had awakened the spark of vanity, which is inherent in every bosom. He had forgotten that love like Gertrude's merited all his tenderness, and that in a mind like hers to doubt is to despair. He now felt the cruelty, the danger of trifling with affection—but the conviction came too late—he felt the fault to be his own. Gertrude had perhaps been impetuous, but he had been guilty; Helen Rushford learned from his confidential friend the anguish of Herbert and its cause. Noble by nature and rendered more so by cultivation, her exalted mind shrunk from the thought of having been the cause of misery to another. A congeniality of taste and opinions had led her to notice and admire Charles Herbert, totally unconscious that she was interfering with the peace of the highly gifted Gertrude, whose tenderness and faithfulness

merited a happier fate. Helen felt her situation peculiarly embarrassing. Herbert had never insinuated love to her and she knew that he felt for her only friendship and admiration, she secretly blamed her own vanity, which had led her to receive pointed attentions, in which she knew the heart had no share, and Charles Herbert suffered scarcely more than Helen Rushford.

(Concluded in our next.)

BIOGRAPHY.

"The proper study of mankind is man."

Mrs. Chapone.

Hester Chapone, an ingenious writer, was the daughter of Thomas Mulso, Esq. and was born in England, October 27th. 1727.

At a very early age she exhibited proofs of uncommon genius, and facility of apprehension. With an imagination peculiarly lively, and a temper equally warm and ardent, she read more works of fancy, than perhaps was quite consistent with due judgment, or compatible with true happiness. Romances appear to have been the favourite reading of females at that period; and it is not to be wondered that this young lady, influenced by the example of those around her, should have read with avidity works so alluring in their composition, though so little instructive in their tendency, or beneficial in their effects. Useless, however, as such a study might have been to the generality of youthful readers, it was not wholly unproductive of advantage to her, for at nine years old, she composed a romance, called "The loves of Amoret and Melissa," which we are told, exhibited "Fertility of invention, and extraordinary specimens of genius," and laid the foundation of that respect, and that admiration of her talents, to which her subsequent character and writings so fully entitle her. From pursuits so unprofitable, she at once commenced a course of studies, which were useful, as well as elegant. Though chiefly self taught, she acquired a thorough knowledge of the Latin, French, and Italian languages. She read the best authors on morals and philosophy; and so acute was her judgment, that no disguise of flowing diction, or ornamented style, could mislead it. At an age when, perhaps, few readers are capable of very deep discrimination, she would scrutinize, and controvert every point on which her own opinions did not acquiesce. That she read the Holy Scriptures both with delight and benefit to herself, her excellent directions for the study of them in her letters is a sufficient testimony.

Amongst those who composed her literary circle, was Mr. Richardson, through whom she afterwards became acquainted with Mr. Chapone, a young gentleman then practising law in the Temple. Their attachment was mu-

tual, but not hasty or imprudent. She obtained her father's consent, and a social intimacy continued for a considerable period, before it ended in marriage. In the mean time she became acquainted with the celebrated Mrs. Carter; a correspondence took place between them, which increased their mutual esteem, and a friendship was thus cemented, which lasted during a course of more than fifty years.

Miss Mulso's first production was an ode to Peace, which she afterwards addressed to Mrs. Carter on her intended publication of the translation of the *Epictetus*.—About the same time, she wrote the story of *Fidelia*, which though composed purposely for the *Adventurer*, yet such was her timidity, that nothing but the earnest persuasions of Mrs. Carter, and her friends, could have prevailed upon her to take courage to send it to the press.

In 1760, she was married to Mr. Chapone, and removed to London. Here she enjoyed every degree of happiness which mutual attachment could confer, but it was of short duration. In less than ten months after they were married, Mr. Chapone was seized with a fever, which terminated with his life, after about a week's illness.

At first she seemed to bear this calamity with fortitude, but it preyed on her health, and for sometime her life was despaired of. She, however gradually recovered, and resigned herself to a state of life, in which she yet found many friends and many consolations.—Most of her time was passed away in London, or in occasional visits to her friends, among whom she had the happiness to number many distinguished characters of both sexes:—Lord Littleton, Mrs. Montague, and the circle who usually visited her house. In 1770, she accompanied Mrs. Montague into Scotland. In 1773, she published her "*Letters on the improvement of the mind*," originally intended for the use of her niece, but given to the world at the request of Mrs. Montague, and her other literary friends. This work was followed by a "*volume of Miscellanies*," published without her name. The latter years of her life were embittered by the loss of the greater part of the friends of her youth; this, together with other privations, began to affect her mind, and at the persuasions of her sympathising friends, she removed to Hadley.

In October, 1801, she completed her seventy-fourth year. On the Christmas day following, without any previous illness, having declared herself unusually well the day before she fell into a dose, from which nothing could arouse her, and which her physician, who attended her, immediately pronounced the forerunner of death; and, at eight o'clock in the evening, without one apparent struggle or sign, she breathed her last in the arms of her niece.

Her works were published in two volumes, 12 mo.

MISCELLANEOUS.

"Variety we still pursue,
"In pleasure seek for something new."

FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY.

A Sketch.

"The eye to-day that glances brings,
To-morrow morn may fade,
And with it perish each delight
That its own beam had made.
The flower that now is opening fair
May fall ere evening close,
And not a leaf hang withering there,
To tell where bloom'd the rose."

WM. F. DURANT.

The reflection is one full of the deepest melancholy, that in a few short years, all those who are now enjoying the blessings of life and happiness, will have passed from life to death, from time into eternity. Those, whom we now behold, with the rose of health upon their cheeks, moving with gayety along, and apparently careless and unheeding, when Time shall have rolled a little onward, will have gone to that land,

"From whose bourn no traveller returns."

The aged forms which are now tottering along, across whose brows have swept the blasts of many winters, and the young, the beautiful, and the lovely, will have gone; and they will crumble together in the grave. The wealthy, and the poor—the conqueror, and the conquered—the powerful, and the weak, will all have sunk to the tomb, where each will sleep unconscious of his neighbour, for *there* the distinctions which have been marked in life are forgotten.

It is at all times sweet, although perhaps equally painful, to a person of a meditative mind, to reflect on the scenes of early years, and once more to behold in "fancy's eye," the friends and associates of his boyhood. Where are those with whom he gambolled o'er the green, or sought the shady grove? Where are those brows which told a joyous heart, and those feet which moved to nothing except the continued rounds of youthful pleasure?—They have *gone!* and

"The place which once knew them shall know them no more!"

Many, perhaps, have sunk to earth in the place of their nativity, whose eyes have been closed by the parent hands, and whose corse were borne to the grave by their young associates; while others have breathed their last sighs in a land of strangers, where there were none to hear the parting prayers, or raise the fond memorials above their tombs!

I had a *friend*—young, cheerful, and interesting, he was beloved by all whom chance, or the common affairs of life, brought to his acquaintance. There was a certain degree of manliness in his conduct, and of "life's best nobleness," which, while it pleased and gratified the stranger, served to rivet more closely

the bond of friendship that pervaded among his associates. Although when among his companions he would sometimes appear gay, yet he seemed formed for reflection.—Even in his earliest boyhood he would at times steal away from his associates, and seek in the darkened wood, that solitude which was more congenial with his feelings than all their vain hilarity.

Oft have I seen him at the close of day,
Across the dewy lawn pursue his way,
To where yon oak spreads forth its branches wide,
And the clear brook meanders by its side :
There would he stay for many a lonely hour,
In the recesses of the shady bower,
Where he could sit and meditate alone,
And grieve and weep o'er sorrows not his own ;
Where no unfeeling ear could catch the sigh
Which the night zephyrs wafted gently by.

There are some persons, to whom solitude conveys no other ideas than those of the most gloomy character ; but they are far, very far mistaken :—To a person, whose conscience is unbiassed by depravity, there is nothing more grateful than at times to withdraw from the busy, noisy, changing world, and reflect upon the occurrences of life.

He had completed his seventeenth year ; and thus far, health and strength had borne him company. But now the change was to take place ; and it was with feelings of the deepest sorrow, that his friends observed the "march of death" imprinted on his cheek. His eyes, which had ever beamed with the fire of youthful energy, became dim and sunken ; and his whole frame bowed beneath the sway of the consumption. But in the midst of all his afflictions, not a murmur escaped his lips ; and although he would at times express a wish that his life might be spared to comfort his aged parents, and that he might live to become their stay and support, yet he rested his all upon the will of the Almighty.

He continued to pine away until Autumn, when he appeared but as the shadow of his former self. He would listen to the wind, as it swept in hollow sounds across the mountain, and regret that he must sink to earth with the leaves of the forest, and that cold Winter's blasts would whistle above his tomb. But yet he was not sad :—Religion, the comforter of the afflicted, pointed to a world of peace beyond the grave ; and in a few days he sank to rest, trusting in the merits of a crucified Saviour.

"There crack'd the cordage of a noble heart."

His body now sleeps in the village churchyard, and the stranger, as he passes by, will sometimes pause, and gaze for a moment, upon the grave of the lamented and beloved John R. W.—

"Green be the turf above thee,
Friend of my better days ;
None knew thee but to love thee,
Few nam'd thee but to praise."

HENRY.

Modern Greek Women.

When we consider the degraded condition of Turkish females, and reflect that the Greeks have so many ages been under the most severe thralldom, we find at once double reason to wonder and to rejoice at the interesting accounts we have, from authentic sources, of the elevation of the character of Grecian women. Facts on which we can rely, prove that, even amid the sufferings to which they have been reduced by the war, and in spite of the scenes of distress and horror which have been familiar to their ears and eyes, they have preserved that modesty of deportment, and delicacy of feeling, which form such an essential part of the character of their sex. We learn through the reports of travellers recently from their shores, that the crowds of destitute and starving women, who had the heroism to brave death in all its terrors rather than to fall into the power of the barbarians, wherever they have been thrown on the rocks and islands of the Archipelago, adhere to the strictest rules of female propriety and delicacy ; and that their modest demeanour, as well as their warm expressions of gratitude for food and clothing irresistibly called forth the sympathy of those who went out in our name to administer relief. From particulars we have learnt of their condition, we are sure that it is extremely difficult for persons in the United States to form an idea of their sufferings.

A Highlander was one day brought before his Chief, being accused of sheep stealing. The crime being fully proved, Donald was sentenced to be hanged. It however happened that a singular indulgence was allowed the criminals in those days, viz. the choice of any particular tree they might wish to be hanged on. Accordingly the person in office went up to Donald to inquire of him, "which tree he should prefer to be tuck'd up to?" Donald, with a rueful countenance, shrugging up his shoulders, grunted out, "Oh oich ! for I would like a grossurd bush." "A grossurd bush you vool ! A grossurd bush is not large enuff to hang you on." "Oh oich ! but I'm in no hurry, I will joost wait tull it grow."

A good deal of ingenuity may be shown in laying verbal snares, or *catch words* ; the design being to lead one to ask a question, which, like a partridge running his head into a spring, shall fasten his own neck. We have a pleasant instance of this kind. A man in Pittsfield came into a tavern, just as a stranger had got a glass of sling prepared, and took it up as if about to drink it. "Who are you?" said the owner of the sling.—"David Will-you-drink-a-drop," replied the wag. "David Will-you-drink-a-drop?" repeated the other, in rather a dubious tone : "O yes, Sir, and thank you too," returned the wag, and emptied the glass without further ceremony.

RURAL REPOSITORY.

SATURDAY, JUNE 7, 1828.

In laying before the public the first number of the new series of the Repository, we feel as the traveller, who is starting upon a fresh stage of a journey, unknowing of the scenes, impenetrably hidden in the dark vista of futurity, through which he is to pass, and which he would fain were unfolded to his view;—but though we can no otherwise be remunerated for the expenditures consequent on the improvement of this work, but by an addition to our Subscription list, we confidently hope our unremitted exertions to please will, as hitherto, meet from a liberal and enlightened community a generous reward.

We regret that it is not in our power, at this time, wholly to redeem the pledge given to our patrons, by presenting them with the engravings of the Mountain House, as we have been prevented by circumstances altogether unavoidable on our part, from having in readiness a sufficient number for the supply of all our subscribers, and therefore are under the necessity of postponing their circulation until our next paper—we shall however, as the plate properly belongs to the first number, being intended as a Frontispiece to the Volume, endeavour to give a brief description of the Establishment it represents.

The Catskill Mountain House.—This fashionable retreat (of which our plate is a Southeast view) has been erected at a great expense, on the Pine Orchard, a platform of about 7 acres, situated in Greene County, in this State, and elevated about 3000 feet above the tides of the Hudson; it is fitted up in a superior style of elegance for the accommodation and pleasure of Travelers, and is about 125 miles from the City of New-York, 12 from Catskill, and 18 from this place. The facilities of access to this interesting and romantic spot, are rendered cheap and expeditious by the almost innumerable steamboats continually plying up and down our river, and the number of carriages constantly in readiness, both here and at Catskill, for the convenience of those who may wish to leave for a while the enervating atmosphere of crowded cities to inhale the healthful and invigorating mountain breeze.

From this spot, may be viewed an extent of nearly 100 by 50 miles of the upper valley of the Hudson—this delightful prospect is limited on the south by the Highlands; east, by the Taghkanick hills, the range along the west border of Massachusetts, and the Saddle Mountain of Williamstown; north by the Green Mountains of Vermont, and mountains around Lake George.

Among this matchless assemblage of grand and beautiful scenery, the Catskill Falls claim the admiration of the traveller—these falls are about two miles from Pine Orchard, on one of the branches of the Cauterskill, issuing from the Lakes; the water, rushing downwards in one unbroken stream 175 feet, dashes against a shelving rock, and again plunges about 85 (making 260 feet) into a basin, where the water, perfectly transparent, reflects by the radiant orb of day, in dazzling beauty, the host of sublimities that surround it.

To all who can adore the Creator in the wonderful variety and harmony of his works, this Establishment offers inducements, and holds forth advantages, equal, if not superior, to any place of fashionable resort in our country.

Here, as may be imagined, a prospect unrivalled in picturesque grandeur, greets the eye of the traveller—mountains, forests and vallies are stretched in their beauty before him; beneath and around him, the dashing of the waterfall gives music and life to the scene, while the Hudson, its fertile shore sprinkled with villages,

and its silvery waves whitened by sails, gliding in the distance silently along, as if impelled by some fairy hand, is seen far below, winding its way toward the ocean; he gazes with delight on a landscape, whose flourishing farms and uncultivated wilds, mingling their attractions, form a combination of *natural* and *artificial* scenery, which is probably no where to be surpassed within the same space.

The cares of business, the thousand petty vexations which are wont to disturb our peace, are here forgotten; the soul is expanded, and we only regret that all cannot participate with us the raptures of the moment.

What in nature so sublime! as, when all above is hushed to peace and glowing in undiminished brightness, to hear the echoing thunders roll beneath our feet, and contemplate without fear of harm, the vivid lightning flash and play among the misty clouds below?—"Tis then the mind of man, raised above the grovelling thoughts of sublunary things, soars in ecstasy aloft—

"And looks through nature, up to nature's God!"

LITERARY NOTICES.

Tales of the Fireside.—This is the title of a volume of moral tales, by Mrs. Stebbins of Boston. This lady contributed largely to the Boston Spectator over the signature of Marcia; and gained by her productions no inconsiderable share of literary fame. The work before us contains seven distinct tales, all of them well written, and the greater part extremely interesting.

The Legendary—The first number, or rather volume, of this work, is just published by Mr. Goodrich, Boston.

"London in the Olden Time" by Miss Laurence is an interesting volume of stories, lately issued from the English press.

Cooper, the Novelist, is about giving to the world, an interesting production, entitled, "America, by a travelling Bachelor;" it is to be soon published in Philadelphia by Messrs. Carey, Lea and Carey.

Periodical Literature.—The New York Mirror says, a statement has lately been made in Paris, by M. Adrian Balbi by which it appears that upwards of *three thousand one hundred and sixty-eight* periodicals are published in the world. Of these nine hundred and seventy-eight are published in this country, two thousand one hundred and forty-two in Europe, twenty seven in Asia, twelve in Africa, and nine in other places. From the statement of M. Balbi some very important and interesting inferences may be drawn. It would seem that political and religious freedom exist, in the different nations of the world, in a degree precisely commensurate with their patronage of periodical literature. Thus we find that in the United States there are a far greater number of publications in proportion to the number of the inhabitants, than in any other country on the face of the globe. Amongst a population of eleven millions there are nearly eight hundred journals; while in Great Britain there are not six hundred, although the population is thirteen times greater than that of this country. In the whole kingdom of Spain there are but sixteen journals. This fact speaks volumes.

MARRIED,

In Chatham, on the 24th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Benedict, Mr. Philo V. Beebe, of New-York, to Miss Sophia Beebe, of the former place.

DIED,

In this city, on the 21st ult. Mrs. Margaret Lampher, aged about 39 years.

In Athens, on the 22d ult. Mr. William Haight, in his 36th year.

At Canaan, on the 29th ult. Mrs. Lucy C. Van Valkenburgh, aged 52.

At Hartford, Mr. Daniel Skinner, printer, aged 37, of the firm of Websters and Skinners. Albany.

In Savannah, Geo. on the 13th of January last, Mr. Jacob Ranney son of Col. Reuben Ranney of this city, in the 33d year of his age.



POETRY.

FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY.

TO THE SHADE OF JOHN R. W.

On receiving a gift left by the deceased.

Lov'd friend of my early years, accept
From an overflowing bosom,
A lay from one who has ever wept
The blight of an early blossom.
Ah! long months have flown—long months have flown
To oblivion's couch of sadness,
Since to us youth's joyous hours were known,
Youth's moments of mirth and gladness.
And yet time sweeps on with rapid pace,
Spreading grief, distress and sorrow—
To-day we behold a lovely face—
'Tis entomb'd in earth to-morrow.
And the eye which is gay and cheerful now
Will soon fade and depart for ever,
And we look in vain for the cheerful brow—
It has gone—to return—oh! never!
Thou hast sunk to rest in the silent tomb,
Thy bed is beneath the willow;
There wilt thou sleep where the violets bloom,
Secure from life's roughest billow.
Thy name may die with the friends of youth,
Thy deeds in darkness be shrouded,
Yet, while they shall live, thy virtues, truth,
Will remain with them unclouded.
And often will tears bedew my eyes,
As I look on this valued treasure,
And my breast will heave its wonted sighs,
As I think of each youthful pleasure.
And when my blood shall have ceas'd to flow,
When my latest sigh is riven—
O, then I shall leave this world of wo
To rejoice with thee in heaven!

HENRY.

FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY.

WHAT IS IT TO BE MAD?

What thoughts are these upon my soul
That like a torrent rush?
Is't madness bids these eye-balls roll—
These childish tears to gush?
Why sits upon my pallid cheek
The sternness of despair?
Why is this nerveless arm so weak—
This brow opprest with care?
The quivering lip—its curl of scorn;
The vacant, horrid smile;
The dreamless thought—that upward borne
Forgets its nameless toil:
Why are these mine?—oh! tell me why
My days are ever sad,
My fairest hopes but wake a sigh—
What is it to be mad?
The gay—the laughing gay inspire
No pleasure in my breast—
For joy's a life consuming fire
To one was never blest;
And sorrow seems a holy bliss,
A frantic—bright alloy,
And love—pray what is beauty's kiss?
The funeral pyre of joy.

They say 'tis o'er the heated brain
That madness rears her throne,
'Twould give me little joy or pain
To know she ruled my own—
For pleasure, like the meteor blaze
That lonely fens doth trace,
Hath lured me through her devious ways,
And shunned my warm embrace.
Yet—*madness!*—there is in the thought
A dark repulsive thrill,
With every painted horror fraught,
The stoutest heart to chill;
In it— all *real* woe's forgot—
But, oh! the fancy brings
Terrific dreams of what is not,
That goad as scorpion stings.
And yet, what is it to be mad?
For doubts sweep heavy by,
And why, when other hearts are glad,
Am melancholy I?
Oh! there's a hidden impulse lives
Within my soul I know,
That like a cruel tyrant drives
Where, ah! I would not go.

P.

ENIGMAS.

"And justly the wise man thus preached to us all,
"Despise not the value of things that are small."

Answer to the PUZZLES in our last.

PUZZLE I.—But-ton.

PUZZLE II.—Gray.

NEW PUZZLES.

I.

Search diligently, and when ye have found me follow my ways.

I am a derivative word of seven letters, and can or ought to be beneficial to any society.

My 2d and 6th are alike;

My 1st, 2d, 3d and 7th is a rent;

My 1st, 3d and 7th is a seaman;

My 5th, 6th and 7th belong only to a female;

My 2d, 3d and 7th is the power of judging of harmony?

My 2d, and 7th taken out leaves me a button;

My 1st, 2d and 3d is a plant found in China;

My 1st, 3d and 7th transposed, is a small animal;

My 1st, 3d, 5th and 7th transposed, is a large animal;

My 1st, 3d, 4th and 7th transposed, accompany criminals to execution;

My 1st, 3d, 6th and 7th transposed, is a weed;

My 1st, 2d, 3d, 5th and 7th transposed, is a round substance;

My 3d, 4th, 6th and 7th transposed, is a contest;

My 1st, 2d, 3d and 5th transposed denote pimples in the face.

Now I am what I am, and too much neglected,

Can you tell what I am, and not be affected;

If without trouble, you should find me out,

Think not that your time is badly laid out.

II.

By my first, the French do swear,

When English they are learning;

My second glads the hardy tar,

When to his home returning;

My total pretty maidens braid

Of flowers, blooming but to fade.

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